Alarmes. They fight, and then enters Warwicke and reſcues Richard, and then exeunt omnes.

Alarmes ſtill, and then enter Henry ſolus.

Hen. Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And ſet ſome endes to theſe inceſſant griefes.
How like a maſtleſſe ſhip vpon the ſeas,
This wofull battaile doth continue ſtill,
Now leaning this way, now to that ſide driue,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might ſtay theſe ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raigu'd, nor nere bene King.
Margaret and *Clifford*, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had beſt ſucceſſe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, ſo all were well,
Or would my crowne ſuffice, I were content
To yeeld it them, and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man that I haue ſlaine in fight to day,
May be poſſeſſed of ſome ſtore of crownes,
And I will ſearch to finde them if I can.
But ſtay; methinkes it is my fathers face:
Oh I, tis he whom I haue ſlaine in fight.
From London was I preſt out by the King,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke*,
And in this conflict I haue ſlaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter another ſoldiour with a dead man.

2. *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtſt with me ſo ſtoutly,
Now let me ſee what ſtore of gold thou haſt.
But ſtay, methinks this is no famous face:
Oh no, it is my ſonne that I haue ſlaine in fight,

Oh

Oh monſtrous times, begetting ſuch euents,
How cruell, bloudy, and ironous,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget.
Poore boy, thy father gaue thee life too late,
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too ſoone.
King. Woe aboue woe, griefe more then common griefe,
Whil'ſt Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore Lambes do feele the rigour of their wraths:
The red Roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our ſtriuing houſes.
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh,
For if you ſtriue, ten thouſand liues muſt periſh.
1. *Soul.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me, and nere be ſatisfide?
2. *Soul.* How will my wife for ſlaughter of my ſonne,
Take on with me and nere be ſatisfide?
King. How will the people now miſdeeme their King,
Oh would my death their mindes could ſatisfie.
1. *Soul.* Was euer ſonne ſo rude, his fathers blood to ſpill?
2. *Soul.* Was euer father ſo vnnaturall, his ſonne to kill?
King. Was euer King thus greeued and vexed ſtill?
1. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence from this accurſed place,
For woe is me to ſee my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murdered where I ſhould not kill.

Exit with his ſonne.

King. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here ſits a King, as woe begon as thee.

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to *Barwicke* preſently,
The day is loſt, our friends are murdered,
No helpe is left for vs, therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,